

From a Great Height

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Summary: \*Major Spoilers for HTTYD 2\* What I imagined happened between the 'incident' and the 'send off'. Non spoiler explanation inside. One-Shot.

From a Great Height

**\*\*A/N: Ok Seriously, is has major major \*SPOILERS\* for HTTYD 2 so if you haven't seen it yet, please click that back button and go see it because what's wrong with you? Its been out for 2 weeks. Go! Shoo! Now if you have seen it, cool beans. You may pass.\*\***

**\*\*\*SPOILERS START NOW\*\*\***

**\*\*This is a short intermediary bewteen Stoick's death and his funeral, or how imagined this played out. Its been a very long time since I have written, and I've never written for HTTYD so don't flame too hard. \*\***

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\_Shock. \_

"No." The world closed in around him as he raced to his father's side. "DAD!"

In a frantic daze he roughly pushed away the chunks of ice that littered the too-still body. He grabbed one thick arm, thicker than his own neck, and struggled to turn him over. He felt his mother rush to his side.

"Stoick!" Valka pressed her ear to Stoick's chest and stilled her breathing to listen. She took a pained breath; she heard nothing.

"No." he whispered.

Her face told him everything he already knew, but wasn't ready to believe. It was falling from a great height, knowing there was no one to catch him.

"No." he said again, his voice breaking.

He took a shuddering breath and buried his head into the thick fur clothing of his father's shoulder. He absently noted that Astrid found her way to his other side. Stoick had saved his son's life, he had saved him from...

\_Fear. \_

The feeling crept up on him from the darkness, as he watched Toothless try to nudge his father's hand. With a crazed expression he lashed out with that fear.

"No! Get away from him!" He pushed Toothless' nose away roughly, "Go on! Get out of here!"

He got to his feet, swinging his arms threateningly, "Get away!"

Toothless recoiled and slithered away in sadness.

Hiccup collapsed to his knees in broken defeat, his shoulders shaking with the sobs he desperately tried to hold in.

"Its not his fault," Valka admonished sadly, "You know that."

He did. He knew it, but it would never take away the memory of that fear. It was something he hadn't felt with his best friend since he was 15.

"Good dragons under the control of bad people, do bad things." Valka whispered ominously.

\_Regret.\_

Toothless had been his first real friend, and Hiccup had promised that nothing would happen to him. But now he had broken that promise. He had allowed Drago to take him, and the other dragons.

"Toothless!" he yelled desperately, trying to run after him. He was held back by the firm hand of his mother.

The world didn't make sense anymore. He fell to his knees again, in the snow and sand. He felt hollow. The rug had been swept out from beneath him and he was tumbling, tumbling down.

The rest of the group was mercifully silent, as they watched Drago's army embark.

Something white-hot sprouted in his chest as he thought of Toothless being forced to carry that evil man.

\_Rage. \_

He was like a tightly wound coil being released. He clenched his fist around a large stone and stood up, throwing it as far as he could. He let out a harsh guttural yell. He continued, picking up dropped weapons, broken boards, fallen helmets, throwing them as far and as hard as he could. He screamed unintelligibly at the unfairness of it all. Losing his balance, he slipped on the ice and fell to his hand and knees sobbing. The group watched on in shock as their new chief completely broke down. Astrid approached him and knelt down beside him.

"Oh, Hiccup." She reached over and pulled his head to her chest as he sobbed.

"I should have just listened to him." He whispered miserably, "I should have just listened to you."

"Yeah, you should have." she said sympathetically. "So why didn't you?"

"I didn't want a war."

"That's not an answer." she quipped, in a mirror of her 15-year-old self. Hiccup apparently remembered too, because he gave her a small smile.

"Three hundred years and I'm the first Viking who dreamed of peace."

Astrid looked him in the eye and gently touched his cheek. "The first one to achieve it, though."

Hiccup let out a small sigh and stood, pulling Astrid tightly into his arms. He buried his face into her fur-lined shoulders and breathed in her familiar calming scent: rose hips, juniper and dragon musk.

"Thank you." He breathed, not ready to let her go. They stood for a moment in each others embrace before they were brought out of their bubble by a quiet voice.

"We're preparing him for the rites."

The pressure in his chest and behind his eyes was back again. Hiccup released Astrid from his tight embrace and turned to see his mother standing there awkwardly.

"Mom, this is Astrid, my girlfriend. Astrid, this is my long lost mother." He gestured uncomfortably between them.

Valka let out a small chuckle. "Its good to know that my son's heart is in capable hands. I look forward to getting to know each other in the future, at the end of all this."

Astrid gave a small smile. "Yeah. Me too."

Valka turned to Hiccup, "Come. Let us send him on his way to Asgard."

Hiccup nodded mutely, and turned to brush his lips on Astrid's temple before walking towards the shore where the other's were

gathered.

\_Uncertainty. \_

He didn't know how he could be the man his father was. Part of him didn't even want to try. It was so fresh and so raw in his chest. He felt like he might throw up.

The others had taken care to gather sufficient grave goods, and had them laid around his body in the small ship. It was now his responsibility to send him off. Whether he would join the halls of Valhalla or the fields of Fǫlkvangr as his final resting place, it was in Odin's hands now. But even Odin could not doubt that he had died nobly in battle.

Hiccup gave an great push on the stern of the ship to send it out to sea. As he joined the others on a narrow outcropping of rock, he took the offered longbow from Gobber and knocked an arrow. He took a deep breath and paused in awe of the looming sunset. Even at this distance, his father's helm glinted gold in the fast approaching twilight. He gently lit the arrow on a dim coal and drew the arrow back steadily. He let out the breath he had been holding.

\_Determination. \_

He released.

End  
file.